WILDC.A.T.S

COVERT

DC

8
FEB

WILDSTORM RECORDS

PLAYGIRL

Caribbean Cruises

HOWARD STERN
PRIVATE PARTS

JIM LEE
WILLIAMS

WILDC.A.T.S™

COVERT-ACTION-TEAMS

NUMBER EIGHT

IN MEMORY OF JACK "THE KING" KIRBY

COVER BY JIM LEE & SCOTT WILLIAMS
JIM LEE/BRANDON CHOI: CO-CREATORS

"DOWN TIME"

STORY
BRANDON CHOI/JIM LEE

ART
JIM LEE/RICHARD BENNETT/
SCOTT WILLIAMS

LETTERS
CHRIS ELIOPOULOS

"PASSED LIVES"

STORY
STEVE SEAGLE

ART
TRAVIS CHAREST/
TOM MCWEENEY

LETTERS
BILL OAKLEY

COLORS: JOE CHIODO
COLOR SEPARATORS: JOE DUNN/BEN FERNANDEZ/JESSICA RUFFNER
INK ASSISTS: JD/RICH JOHNSON/JOHN TIGHE
COLOR ASSISTS: MONICA BENNETT/WENDY FOUTS/PAIGE KING
PRODUCTION: CHRIS MILOS
EDITOR: BILL KAPLAN

WILDSTORM PRODUCTIONS

NEW YORK CITY.

HOME.

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE AFTER ALL THESE YEARS ON THE MOVE THAT I'VE FINALLY SETTLED DOWN.

I WISH I COULD SAY THE SAME ABOUT ZEALOT. THE TEAM FINALLY GETS SOME WELL-DESERVED R&R, AND ALL SHE WANTS TO DO IS WORK OUT IN THE COMBAT SIMULATOR!

I WON'T HAVE ANY OF THAT, SO I DRAG HER OUT OF HALO, KICKING AND SCREAMING, TO GO SHOOT SOME POOL AT ONE O' MY OLD WATERING HOLES.

BUT THEN AGAIN, NEW YORK IS THE HAVEN FOR ALIENS AND WEIRDOS, AND THE WILDC.A.T.S DEFINITELY QUALIFY AS BOTH.

TONIGHT, IT'S JUST THE TWO OF US, HAVING A FEW BREWS AND PLAYING A FRIENDLY GAME OF POOL.

ME, I LOVE THE TOWN 'CAUSE IT'S FULL OF SURPRISES.

THERE'S NEVER A DULL MOMENT.

WELL, MAYBE NOT SO FRIENDLY.

TAKE CARE, BROTHER GRIFTER.

MISS THIS SHOT AND THE VICTORY IS MINE... ALONG WITH YOUR BULLETBIKE.

SAN DIEGO CALICOES

YOU'RE DREAMIN' ZEALOT. I'VE GOT THIS MADE, NO SWEAT.

I'VE LIVED MOSTO' MY LIFE BEHIND THE EIGHT BALL.

8

SO I'M NOT GONNA HAVE ANY PROBLEM SINKIN' THIS ONE!

THUMPH

WINNING'S JUST A MATTER OF FIGURING OUT ALL THE ANGLES OF THE SITUATION...

K- CHAK

...AND THEN MAKIN' THE SHOT.

THUMPH

THERE AIN'T A MAN BEEN BORN WHO CAN BEAT ME AT THE GAME.

WHY GO TO ALL THE TROUBLE IF YOU CAN DO IT SO WELL YOURSELF?

HUH? WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?

SAN DIEGO CALIFORNIA

AW NO! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

I'M GONNA SCRATCH ON THE EIGHT BALL.

THUMPH

I HATE LOSING.

ESPECIALLY TO ZEALOT.

I HOPE YOU'VE LEARNED A VALUABLE LESSON TONIGHT, BROTHER GRIFTER.

YOU GOT THAT RIGHT. NEXT TIME I'M LEAVIN' YOU AT HOME IF I WANT TO HAVE SOME FUN ON THE TOWN.

HAR! HAR! HAR!

LOST YER FANCY WHEELS TO THE LITTLE FILLY, DID YA, COLE?

IF YA RIDE LIKE YA SHOOT, BOY, SHE'S DOIN' YA A FAVOR.

HERE, HAVE A DRINK ON ME.

GARNER TASTES LIKE BEER IT JUST DOESN'T GET LIMEN EXTRA DRY

SAN DIEGO CALIFORNIA

JUST KEEP IT UP, MELVIN.

HEY THERE, LITTLE LADY. WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HANGING AROUND WITH A LOSER LIKE HIM?

UH-OH. ZEALOT'S GOT THAT LOOK ON HER FACE.

HOW'S ABOUT I SHOW YA HOW TA HAVE A GOOD TIME WITH A REAL MAN?

I THROW HER A GLANCE TO JUST LET IT SLIDE.

BUT SHE IGNORES ME.

I COULD STILL WARN HIM...

...BUT I DON'T.

WHACK!

THE PROBLEM IS, YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO HANDLE A REAL WOMAN!

HUUUNGH!

USUALLY I HATE IT WHEN SHE GETS THAT SUPERIOR CODA SISTERHOOD ATTITUDE, BUT IT'S WORTH IT TO SEE RALPH ON THE RECEIVING END.

I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO LOOK TO KNOW WHAT MELVIN'S UP TO.

WHY THAT LITTLE #$%@-- GUUUURRGH!

THWACK!

MIND YOUR MANNERS, MELVIN. THAT'S A LADY YOU'RE TALKING TO.

KRAACK!

AAARGH!

DAMN!

ZEALOT GETS ME INTO THESE MESSES, AND I ALWAYS END UP WITH THE SHORT END OF THE STICK!

SO YA WANNA PLAY ROUGH, DO YA? THAT'S FINE BY ME!

COME ON, BOYS. TIME WE SHOWED HER SOME REAL MOVES!

I GUESS ZEALOT'S GOING TO GET HER WORK-OUT TONIGHT AFTER ALL.

YOU CAN'T REALLY CALL IT A *FAIR FIGHT*, THOUGH.

WHIIIIISH!

RAAAARGH!

BEIN' A NEW YORK *WISEGUY* MAY IMPRESS THE LOCAL GENTRY, BUT IT DON'T MEAN MUCH TO A FORMER *MAJESTRIX* OF THE CODA *SISTERHOOD*.

LUCKY FOR RALPH THE PRECEPTS OF THE SISTERHOOD DON'T ALLOW HER TO KILL FOR PLEASURE-- OR FOR BEIN' MILDLY IRRITATED BY A LOWER LIFE FORM.

KRAK!

YEEARRGH!

BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN SHE CAN'T DISPENSE A LITTLE *PAIN*.

THWK!

UUUNGH!

I LOVE WATCHIN' ZEALOT IN ACTION.

YEEAAA!

SEEIN' HER FIGURE OUT ALL THE ANGLES...

... AND MAKE THE SHOT!

THWAK!

OUCH! IT'S GOIN' TO TAKE A COUPLE DAYS FOR HIM TO GET THAT *BOOTPRINT* OFF HIS FACE.

AND SHE HASN'T EVEN BROKEN A SWEAT.

THE LAST TWO BOYS PLAY IT SMART AND SLINK BACK TO THEIR BAR STOOLS.

SO... UH... HOW'S ABOUT DEM RANGERS?

UH... YEAH. THEY'RE LOOKIN' REAL GOOD THIS SEASON.

SO WHERE SHALL WE GO NOW, BROTHER GRIFTER?

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO, ZEALOT--ALIENATE THE ENTIRE CITY IN ONE NIGHT?

I THINK IT'S TIME TO GO FOR A RIDE ON MY BIKE AND COOL YOU DOWN.

DON'T YOU MEAN MY BIKE?

AW, C'MON, ZEALOT! I JUST SAVED YOUR HIDE BACK THERE.

THE LEAST YOU CAN DO IS GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE TO WIN IT--

SAN DIEGO CALIFORNIA

BEEP BEEP BEEP

EH? WHAT'S THIS?

DAMN.

LOOK, ZEALOT, I'M GOIN' TO NEED THE BIKE. I'VE GOT TO GO.

T-7/CYBERJACK

SOMETHING'S WRONG. SHOULD WE CONTACT THE OTHERS?

NO, NOT THIS TIME. IT'S... PERSONAL, ZEALOT.

AT LEAST ALLOW ME TO ACCOMPANY YOU.

I CAN'T. THIS GOES BACK EVEN BEFORE US.

I THOUGHT WE WERE A TEAM.

PLEASE, ZEALOT. THIS ONE TIME, I'VE GOT TO DO IT ALONE.

VERY WELL, THEN. I WILL RESPECT YOUR WISHES.

BUT THERE IS A PRICE.

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DO-- MMMPHH?

THE MEMORIES COME FLOODING BACK, AND IT TAKES ALL MY WILL TO PUSH HER AWAY.

WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO HER? SHE KNOWS HOW I FEEL.

STOP IT, ZEALOT! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

I ONLY WANTED TO WISH YOU LUCK.

IS THAT SO WRONG BETWEEN... FRIENDS?

IN THIS CASE, IT IS-- IF WE'RE GOING TO STAY FRIENDS, ZEALOT.

YOU AND THE SISTERS ARE TOO RECREATIONAL ABOUT IT ALL.

THAT'S JUST NOT MY STYLE.

I... I NEVER MEANT TO HURT YOU.

I KNOW, ZEALOT. LOOK, I'M SORRY I SNAPPED AT YOU LIKE THAT.

IT'S JUST THAT WE'VE BEEN DOWN THIS ROAD BEFORE, AND ALL IT DID WAS BRING ME A LOT OF GRIEF AND HEART-ACHE.

ANYWAY, I GOTTA GET GOING. DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. I'LL BE FINE.

DON'T TAKE IT THE WRONG WAY, ZEALOT. YOU MEAN MORE TO ME THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW...

... BUT I DON'T WANT TO MAKE THE SAME MIS-TAKE TWICE.

SCOT CLARK'S BODY SH

WE CAN FIX ANY THING SPECIALIZE IN MITSUBISHI 3000

TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT GRIFTER'S MYSTERIOUS CALL, CHECK OUT KINDRED #1, ON SALE IN MARCH

407

407 WOOSTER ST. SOHO.

THE NAME "SOHO" REFERS TO THE SECTION OF MANHATTAN SOUTH OF HOUSTON STREET BOUNDED BY BROADWAY, CANAL STREET, AND SIXTH AVENUE.

ONCE CONSIDERED A COMMERCIAL SLUM AREA IN THE 1960S, IT WAS TRANSFORMED BY NEW YORK'S ARTISTS COLONY INTO A WONDERLAND OF AVANT-GARDE GALLERIES, ECLECTIC BOUTIQUES, AND CHIC CAFES BY THE 1980S.

I STILL DON'T GET IT, JEREMY.

AND, BY THE WAY, THIS BETTER NOT BE WHAT YOU MEANT BY PAINTING THE TOWN TONIGHT.

NO, OF COURSE NOT, RENO.

BUT THIS PARTICULAR KEN MARING EXHIBIT IS A ONCE-IN-A-LIFE-TIME OPPORTUNITY. THE MAN IS AN ARTISTIC GENIUS! JUST LOOK AT THIS PIECE.

THERE'S A SIMPLE COMPLEXITY TO HIS DESIGN... A CERTAIN SUBDUED VOLATILITY IN THE PRESENTATION... AN EARTHLY SPIRITUALISM TO HIS COLOR SCHEME IN THIS PARTICULAR PIECE. DO YOU SEE WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT?

TONIGHT, RENO BRYCE AND JEREMY STONE, BETTER KNOWN AS WARBLADE AND MAUL OF THE WILDC.A.T.S, ARE ATTENDING A PRIVATE ART SHOWING AT THE EXCLUSIVE DeSANTIS GALLERY.

NOPE. ALL I SEE ARE TWO SMILEY FACES THAT AREN'T SMILING.

WELL, THAT'S PART OF WHAT MARING'S TRYING TO SAY...

I'D SAY IT'S LIKE THE STATEMENT YOU'RE TRYING TO MAKE WITH YOUR GREEN HAIR.

HMMM?

THERE'S NO REAL MEANING BEHIND THAT-- I JUST LIKE GREEN.

THE NAME'S RENO, AND MY FRIEND, THE ART CRITIC, IS JEREMY.

HI, I'M BROOKE. THIS IS ASHLEY.

WE COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING JEREMY'S COMMENTS ABOUT MARING.

IT'S SO REFRESHING TO FIND SOMEONE AT ONE OF THESE SHOWS WHO CAN TRULY APPRECIATE THE ARTIST'S WORK.

HUNH?

WHY, THANK YOU, BROOKE. THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU TO SAY.

IT ISN'T OFTEN THAT I GET TO TALK WITH SOMEONE WHO UNDERSTANDS MY POINT OF VIEW.

REALLY, JEREMY? I FIND THAT HARD TO BELIEVE. EVERYTHING YOU SAID SEEMED TO MAKE PERFECT SENSE TO ME.

MAYBE AFTER THE SHOW, YOU'D LIKE TO JOIN US FOR SOME COFFEE AT LEPRIX AND TALK SOME MORE ABOUT MARING'S WORK?

IT WOULD BE OUR PLEASURE, LADIES.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

AS THE SUN RISES OVER THE AZURE WATERS NORTH OF THE BAHAMAS, HALO'S NEWEST OCEANLINER, THE CARIBBEAN PRINCESS, MAKES ITS WAY TO ITS NEXT PORT OF CALL IN BERMUDA.

THE STATE-OF-THE-ART SEA VESSEL COMBINES THE LATEST IN JAPANESE TECHNOLOGICAL KNOW-HOW WITH A EUROPEAN FLAIR FOR SERVICE AND ATTENTION TO ATTRACT A HIGH-POWERED INTERNATIONAL CLIENTELE AS WELL AS WEALTHY PASSENGERS ACCUSTOMED TO ONLY THE BEST.

BUT THERE ARE TWO SPECIAL PEOPLE ABOARD THE PRINCESS WHO FIT NEITHER PROFILE...

SO WHAT'RE YOU LOOKING AT?

CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE, HANDSOME?

DAILY

PROPERTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE UNIVERSITY

AC/DC

ACTUALLY, I'M STILL TRYING TO GET USED TO THE SUNGLASSES.

IT'D BE MUCH EASIER IF I SIMPLY ADJUSTED THE LIGHT REFRACTORS ON MY CORNEAS, YOOOOO--

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, BUSTER. WHILE WE'RE ON THIS CRUISE, I'M PRIS, AND YOU'RE... UH... HADRIAN.

I MEAN, WE ARE CIVILIANS HERE, YOU KNOW.

AS FOR THE SUNGLASSES, THEY JUST LOOK REALLY COOL ON YOU.

BUT, PRIS... I DON'T NEED TO LOOK COOL.

I'M A SYNTHETIC BEING. AN ARTIFICIAL LIFEFORM. I HAVE NO PROBLEMS WITH MY SELF-IMAGE.

BEING COOL IS MORE THAN JUST LOOKS, HADRIAN.

IT'S A FRAME OF MIND. A STATE OF BEING. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

ACTUALLY, NO.

I AM JUST AN AMALGAM OF BIO-SYNTHETIC COMPONENTS CONTROLLED BY A SILICON-BASED NEUROTRONIC BRAIN, YOU'LL RECALL.

HEY, NO BIG DEAL--

--YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE AROUND HERE WITH SILICON PARTS, BIG GUY...

REALLY?

VZZZZZZ

YOU'RE RIGHT, PRIS! USING MY MAG RES IMAGING, I CAN SEE THAT--

MAG RES IMAGING? CUT THAT OUT!

DON'T YOU DARE TURN THOSE X-RAY PEEPERS ON ME!

I HATE IT WHEN YOU GET ALL ROBOTIC-- IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE I'M SOME SORT OF LAB RAT!

PRIS-- STOP!

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DO--

SSZIK-- WEAK-NESS --SZZKT -- DON'T -- LIQUID-- SZZACKT--MELTING -- SSZZKT --

CRACKLE

ZZRACKT

ZAAAKT

?

HADRIAN? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

TALK TO ME, HADRIAN.

OH MY GOD! WHAT'VE I *DONE*?!

JUST KIDDING, PRIS. I'M OKAY!

SO NOW YOU'VE GOT A SENSE OF HUMOR? SEEMS PRETTY HUMAN TO ME.

DID YOU SEE THAT MAN OVER THERE, HONEY? YOU DON'T SUPPOSE HE COULD BE A MU--

STOP THAT RIGHT NOW, YOU HEAR ME? WE'RE FINALLY ON OUR HONEY-MOON--LET'S JUST TRY AND ENJOY OUR-SELVES WHILE WE CAN.

UHHH, OF COURSE. YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT.

IT'S JUST THAT I THOUGHT... WELL, NEVER MIND.

NOW THAT COUPLE OVER THERE'S GOT THE RIGHT IDEA.

AFTER ALL, WE *ARE* ON THE LUST BOAT.

PRIS, MR. MARLOWE BROUGHT US ALONG TO SAFE-GUARD THE CARIBBEAN PRINCESS AND TO TRY AND LEARN WHAT CAUSED ITS SISTER SHIP, THE ISLAND ANGEL, TO DISAPPEAR IN THIS GENERAL VICINITY.

ALL I'M SAYING IS THAT SINCE WE'RE HERE, WE MIGHT AS WELL ENJOY OURSELVES...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, PRIS?

IF I HAVE TO SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU, HADRIAN, THE LAB BOYS AT *HALO* NEED TO REPLACE SOME OF THOSE CHIPS IN YOUR HEAD.

HEY, KIDS! YOU'RE UP BRIGHT AND EARLY. WHATCHA UP TO?

UH... NOTHING AT ALL, SIR. I WAS JUST--

GRRRR! HIS TIMING STINKS.

JUST GUARDING MY ASSETS, RIGHT, HADRIAN?

ANYWAY, IT'S TIME TO GO TO WORK. ACCORDING TO THE FINAL LOG RADIOED IN FROM THE ISLAND ANGEL, WE'RE APPROACHING ITS LAST REPORTED LOCATION, SO I NEED YOU TWO TO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR ANY SIGNS OF TROUBLE.

PRIS, HADRIAN--YOU FOLLOWING THIS?

UH, YES, SIR, BUT--

BE-BEHIND YOU, JAKE!

THERE'S SOME KIND OF VORTEX FORMING!

VORTEX?! WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT, PRIS--

HOLY--

HADRIAN! WHA... WHAT IS THAT THING?!

MY SENSORS REGISTER IT AS SOME SORT OF QUANTUM ENERGY FIELD DISTORTION!

IT'S DRAWING EVERYTHING INTO ITS FOCAL POINT!

WHROOOSH!

VNNNN

VNNNN

THE WHOLE SHIP'S COMING APART! LIKE WE'RE BEING SUCKED INTO SOME KIND OF BLACK HOLE!

CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING, HADRIAN?!

--THAT I'M GONNA LOSE ANOTHER BOAT?!

ANY POSSIBLE REPLY IS DROWNED OUT BY THE ROAR OF THE SKYWARD SPIRALING WINDS.

I'M TRYING TO CREATE A REVERSE POLARITY FIELD TO REPEL US FROM THE FOCAL POINT, BUT THE VORTEX IS JUST TOO POWERFUL!

SO, YOU'RE TELLIN' ME--

IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE, ALL 70,000 TONS OF THE CARIBBEAN PRINCESS, ALONG WITH ITS 2,200 PASSENGERS AND CREW, ARE SUCKED UP INTO THE EYE OF THE MYSTERIOUS STORM.

THEN, JUST AS ABRUPTLY AS THE MAELSTROM BEGAN, IT IS OVER.

THE SEAS ARE CALM ONCE MORE, BUT THE CARIBBEAN PRINCESS IS GONE--

--ONE MORE VICTIM OF THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE.

THE HALO BUILDING, NEW YORK...

YEAARGH!

THE ENERGY DISTORTION RESPONSIBLE FOR DESTROYING THE CARIBBEAN PRINCESS NOW TEARS AT THE VERY FABRIC OF VOID'S BEING.

LORD EMP AND THE OTHERS-- IN DANGER!

VNNNNNN

VNNN

THE EVENTS IN THE CARIBBEAN HAVE NOT GONE COMPLETELY UNNOTICED. FOR AT THAT VERY MOMENT, VOID, JACOB MARLOWE'S SEER AND CONFIDANT, IS WELL AWARE OF WHAT HAS JUST TRANSPIRED.

unnh!

VNNNNNN

STANSFIELD! IT'S VOID-- SHE'S SMOKING-- IT LOOKS LIKE SHE'S BEEN ATTACKED!

GET TO THE COMMAND CENTER! ALERT ZEALOT AND GET A TRAUMA POD UP HERE, STAT!

RIGHT AWAY, MS. NEWBERRY!

ADRIANNA, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHAT'S HAPPENED?

LORD EMP... ATTACKED... GRAVE DANGER... MUST WARN OTHERS...

STANSFIELD, THIS IS JULES. SOMETHING HAPPENED TO THE CARIBBEAN PRINCESS--

"--WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE OTHER WILDC.A.T.S AND GET DOWN THERE NOW!"

A SUCCESSFUL NIGHT'S WORK, RENO, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF.

NOT ONLY DID I GET BROOKE'S PHONE NUMBER, BUT WE'VE ALREADY PLANNED A DATE FOR TOMORROW NIGHT. HOW'D IT GO WITH ASHLEY?

NOT SO GOOD. THE NUMBER SHE GAVE ME STARTS WITH 555.

I'M JUST NOT THE LADY'S MAN THAT YOU ARE, JEREMY. NEVER WAS MUCH ONE FOR CONVERSATION.

WELL, THERE'S NOWHERE TO GO BUT UP, RIGHT?

HEY, I'M NOT COMPLAINING. IF THIS IS AS GOOD AS IT GETS, I'LL TAKE IT.

I'VE BEEN ON THE RUN FROM ONE THING OR ANOTHER FOR MOST OF MY LIFE. IT'S NICE TO FINALLY HAVE SOME REAL FRIENDS AND A PLACE I CAN CALL HOME.

SEARCHLIGHTS?! WHAT'S GOING ON?

ME AND MY BIG MOUTH! LOOKS LIKE WE GOT TROUBLE!

WARBLADE! MAUL! WE HAVE A CRISIS SITUATION! PREPARE TO BE BROUGHT ABOARD THE WING SHUTTLE. WE'LL BE AWAITING YOUR ARRIVAL AT THE MOTHERSHIP.

YEAH, IT'S TROUBLE. SO MUCH FOR THE R&R.

JUST AS WELL. I'VE BEEN *ITCHING* FOR SOME ACTION.

UP AND AWAY!

VMMMMM

ISN'T THERE SUPPOSED TO BE A TELEPHONE BOOTH NEARBY FOR THESE KINDS OF THINGS?

MAN, THIS SUPERHERO BUSINESS IS *KILLING* MY WARDROBE.

SHRIIP

BUT THINK OF ALL THE GREAT STORIES YOU CAN TELL BROOKE ABOUT BEING A PURPLE AND GREEN GIANT.

SHE OUGHTTA GET A KICK OUT OF THAT!

I'M NOT SURE I WANT TO BRING THE SUBJECT UP AT THIS POINT IN THE RELATION-SHIP, WARBLADE.

WHATEVER. WOMEN--WHO NEEDS 'EM, ANYWAY?

HEY! LOOK! A BIG, NAKED, PURPLE GUY. NOW THAT'S SOMETHING YOU DON'T SEE EVERYDAY.

NEW TO TOWN, PAL?

SO, WHAT'S UP, ZEALOT? MAUL AND ME BREAK OUR CURFEW?

THIS IS NO JOKING MATTER, WARBLADE.

THE CARIBBEAN PRINCESS HAS BEEN REPORTED MISSING WITH LORD EMP, SPARTAN, AND VOODOO STILL ABOARD!

VOID SAYS THEY'VE BEEN ATTACKED BY AN UNKNOWN ENTITY!

WHY DON'T WE JUST HAVE VOID WARP US TO THEIR LOCATION?

KCHUNG!

BECAUSE THE ENTITY SOMEHOW ATTACKED HER, TOO, AND HAS LEFT HER IN A COMA.

IT'S DRAINING HER LIFE FORCE EVEN AS WE SPEAK. UNLESS WE DO SOMETHING SOON, SHE'LL DIE.

THEN WE'D BEST GET GO-- JULES? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

AND WHERE'S GRIFTER? ISN'T HE COMING WITH US?

HE HAS BEEN CALLED AWAY ON OTHER BUSINESS. IT WILL BE IM-POSSIBLE TO CONTACT HIM.

WHAT?! I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF GOING INTO THIS HALF@$$, ZEALOT!

AT FULL AFTERBURNERS, WE'LL BE THERE IN THIRTY MINUTES.

DO WE HAVE A PLAN?

WE HAVE NO CHOICE, WARBLADE. WHAT IS OUR E.T.A., JULES?

AT THIS MOMENT, NO.

ALL I KNOW IS THAT WE'RE DEALING WITH A POWERFUL AND UNKNOWN FOE WHO CAN STRIKE WITHOUT WARNING.

IF THIS ENTITY IS CAPABLE OF SERIOUSLY IN-JURING VOID...

"... THEN WE CAN ONLY HOPE THAT THE OTHERS ARE STILL ALIVE."

IF THIS IS HEAVEN, SOMEONE BETTER GET A NEW INTERIOR DECORATOR!

VOODOO, SPARTAN, ARE YOU TWO OKAY?

I'VE RUN A BIO-SCAN ON VOODOO. SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, SIR, AND MY OWN SYSTEMS ARE ALMOST FULLY BACK ON LINE.

EXCELLENT! I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU ARE ALL UNHARMED.

I BID YOU WELCOME TO MY DOMAIN, OUTLANDERS-- ESPECIALLY *YOU*, LORD EMP.

I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS MOMENT, BUT AT LAST THE FATES HAVE DELIVERED YOU UNTO ME. YOUR JUDGMENT IS AT HAND.

NOW, FOR YOUR FOUL BETRAYAL, YOU SHALL SUFFER THE WRATH OF *LORD ENTROPY!*

EXCUSE ME-- AM I SUPPOSED TO KNOW YOU, BUCKET-HEAD?!

TO BE CONTINUED...

WildC.A.T.s
COVERT-ACTION-TEAMS™

VOODOO
Passed Lives

By Steve Seagle, Travis Charest,
and Tom McWeeney

This Story Takes Place After
WildC.A.T.s Trilogy #1

THREE MONTHS AGO, I DANCED MY LAST DANCE IN THIS CITY.

mmmmm, mmm, mmm!

MY OLD CLUB, THE HOT SPOT, WAS DESTROYED BY CODA AND CABAL AGENTS IN THEIR ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE ME.

--NICE SET OF--

DOZENS OF PEOPLE WERE KILLED, INCLUDING THE CLUB'S OWNER... MY FRIEND, HARRY BEAL. I DIDN'T THINK I'D EVER BE ABLE TO GET BACK ON STAGE AGAIN.

--HOPE MY WIFE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE--

BUT WHEN TINA OFFERED ME THE CHANCE TO TAKE HER SPOT TONIGHT, I LEAPT AT IT. I WAS A LITTLE NERVOUS ABOUT DANCING AGAIN--

WOW... SHE'S TERRIFIC, REALLY TERRIFIC.

BUT EVEN MORE UNNERVING THAN THE DANCE ITSELF--

LOVE THAT SUIT-- MORE SKIN THAN SUIT UP THERE--

--IS THAT FOR THE FIRST TIME, I'M ABLE TO TELL **EXACTLY** WHAT MY AUDIENCE THINKS OF ME, JUST BY "LISTENING"...

LET'S HEAR IT! THE ONLY DC PERFORMANCE OF VOODOO! BACK FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY, AND THE BLACK BOOK CLUB'S GOT HER!

TINA MADE IT OUT OF THE HOT SPOT. SHE WAS LUCKY--

YOU WERE INCREDIBLE!

THANKS, TINA. IT FELT GOOD... MOSTLY.

SHE IS HOT--

"MOSTLY"?

WELL, AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE HOT SPOT, AND HARRY, I WAS AFRAID TO EVEN COME BACK HERE ON MY TIME OFF.

BUT I COULDN'T GO HOME, I... WELL, YOU KNOW HOW THAT IS.

I DO KNOW. LOOK, YOU WEREN'T RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CLUB...OR FOR HARRY.

SOMEONE'S GOT TO BE RESPONSIBLE. YOU COULD HAVE BEEN THERE, TINA. IF YOU HADN'T CALLED IN SICK THAT NIGHT, YOU'D BE DEAD, TOO.

YEAH, AND I COULD BE HIT BY A BUS WHEN I LEAVE TONIGHT. LIFE'S TOO SHORT TO WORRY ABOUT THINGS THAT JUST HAPPEN.

I JUST DON'T THINK DANCING IS WHAT I SHOULD BE DOING. COMING BACK TONIGHT HAS ONLY MADE ME MORE SURE OF IT.

--GET A PIECE OF THAT--

I MEAN, HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT SOME OF THESE MEN ARE PROBABLY THINKING WHILE YOU'RE DANCING?

NOPE. I HAVEN'T. ONLY THOUGHTS I HAVE TO GO HOME WITH EACH NIGHT ARE MINE. I LIKE IT THAT WAY.

WELL, I BET YOU'D BE REALLY SHOCKED IF YOU COULD HEAR THE THINGS SOME OF THESE GUYS ARE THINKING. THEY--

--TO KILL HER.

GET OUT OF HERE! NOW! GO!

NO!

THAT MIND --IT CAN'T BE--

WHAT? WHAT IS IT? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE JUST SEEN A GHOST--

"HEARD" THAT, DID YOU? I'VE WAITED MONTHS FOR THIS, WITCH, AND TONIGHT YOU DIE.

YOU DIE SO THAT I MAY REGAIN MY POSITION IN THE SISTERHOOD--

--OF CODA!

IT'S HER-- THE CODA THAT DESTROYED THE HOT SPOT. ALIVE.

YOU CAN'T BE ALIVE! YOU WERE IN THE CENTER OF THE EXPLOSION! I FELT YOUR DEATH! HOW--

HOW I SURVIVED IS OF NO IMPORTANCE. THAT YOU WILL *NOT* IS ALL THAT MATTERS.

unnh!

YOU COST ME MY NAME AND STATION WITHIN THE CODA, AND NOW I SHALL REGAIN BOTH BY FINISHING MY SACRED ASSIGN-MENT!

YOU WERE WEAK THEN AND ONLY ESCAPED ME BECAUSE OF THE HELP OF YOUR TEAMMATES. THEY AREN'T HERE TO HELP YOU THIS TIME, *ARE* THEY?

NO. BUT I'VE LEARNED SOME THINGS SINCE THEN--

FLIP!

--LIKE HOW TO PRO-TECT THE INNOCENT PEOPLE UNFORTU-NATE ENOUGH TO BE AROUND ME WHEN I'M ATTACKED.

LET'S TAKE THIS OUTSIDE AND I'LL SHOW YOU!

YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE--

unghhhhh!

THIS STUPID COSTUME!

--EXCEPT BACK TO ME--

--AND AFTERWARDS, TO YOUR MAKER!

aaagkk!

SWORD IN HER COAT-- PRESSING AGAINST ME-- IF I CAN JUST--

SLAAASH!

unnh!

HOW DARE YOU?! THAT BLADE IS SACRED! RETURN IT THIS INSTANT!

WITH PLEASURE!

AAAHH!

THUD!

COME BACK HERE, COWARD!

ERGENCY XIT

COME AND GET ME!

YOU WON'T ESCAPE ME AGAIN!

THIS WON'T BE ANOTHER HOT SPOT!

VOODOO!

EMERGENCY EXIT

THERE WILL BE NO MORE GOOD MEN LIKE HARRY FALLING BECAUSE OF MY SHORTCOMINGS.

YOU DIE TONIGHT!

IT ENDS HERE.

BECAUSE IF IT DOESN'T--

--I'M NOT FIT TO BE A WILDC.A.T.

I REACH OUT--

HER MIND IS FOUL AND DARK--

BUT--FOR A MOMENT-- I TAKE CONTROL OF IT--

AND WHEN I GIVE IT BACK TO HER--

SHE HAS NO IDEA OF WHERE SHE IS.

WHA--? NO--

THE CODA HITS HARD...

SCH UNK!

...AND IT ENDS.

FOR THE CODA, FOR HARRY... FOR ME.

SHE'S BACK!

LOOKIN' GOOD, VOODOO!

THANK YOU, MAUL.

HOW WAS YER VACATION?

VERY... ENLIGHTENING.

AND WHAT HAS PROMPTED THIS SUDDEN CHANGE IN APPEARANCE, VOODOO?

I JUST THOUGHT IT WAS TIME TO START LIVING LIKE WHO I AM, AND NOT WHO I WAS.

I'M NOT ASHAMED OF MY PAST...

...BUT I'D HATE TO GET CAUGHT UP IN IT AGAIN.

• FIN •

ZONE